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TIPPING *Tipt Justice :*

O R,

The Rev. Mr. *Silvester's* CRITICAL
DISSE RTATION, &c. wherein he
pretends to confute Mr. FOSTER's
Notion of HERESY, Versified.

By *JOSEPH DANVERS*, Esq;

*The Man that meddles in a Case
Without just Reason, is an Ass;
Endeavouring to prove others Fools,
Himself but only ridicules.*

ANONYMOUS.

L O N D O N :

Printed for the Author, and Sold by the
Booksellers and Pamphletfellers of Town
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(*Price Six Pence.*)

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S *T—NG* with Courage fresh assail,
The next Attack, will sure prevail.

Behold, a Brother second Thee,

Of no mean Note, but high Degree.

Behold A. M. and Lecturer

Of St. BARTHOLOMEW appear;

Least some should err for Want of Knowledge,

He's likewise Fellow of a College:

If Sound and Titles merit Claim,

Our Champion then stands fair for Fame.

Thus arm'd, he next proceeds to blows,

In Words like these his Language flows;

I write, my Brethren, to confute
 One *Foster*, in this grand Dispute :
 To Learning, he has no Pretence,
 I only am the Man of Sense :
 And that every Thing may right us,
 My Text, I gather first from TITUS.
 As plain as Pike-staff, or as Door,
 These Words declare the CHURCH's Power,
 To censure, excommunicate
 An Heretick, as Reprobate.
 It is incumbent on each Parson,
 When Texts like these, are made a Farce on,
 Open to lay such Fallacies,
 As may deceive our Minds or Eyes ;
 To prove such Arguments as weak
 As ricket Child, with broken Back ;

The Authors they pretend to quote,
 Their Reasons all not worth a Groat.
 'Tis with no View to Gain or Trade,
 This Dissertation's publick made;
 No Prospect of a mitred State,
 No *Canon's* Place nor *Dean'ry* fat.

Now as these Words have stood alone
 Near seventeen hundred Years, by none
 Disturb'd ; at length they are discarded,
 Render'd as useless, not regarded.
 And what is mere Abomination,
 Look'd on of no Signification.
 By all it soon shall be confess'd,
 His Notions are no more than Jest.
 That 'twas as wild and odd Conceit
 As ever enter'd *Non-Con's* Pate.

There's

There's few who into Scripture look,
 But Notice of Friend *Titus* took,
 That he, *illustrious Convert*, wore
 The Mitre on the *Cretan* Shore.
 Of *Church-Preferment* had the best,
 Who govern'd those that rul'd the rest.
 Plain by the Context 'twill appear
 His pious *Tutor* labours here,
 To furnish him with standing Reasons
 To rule the Church by in all Seasons:
 To shun Disputes the first commands,
 The last preserves her *Social Lands*.
 The antient Fathers all denote
 On this Account the words were wrote.
 Then justly I may be allow'd
 To paraphrase as I think good.

‘ Encou-

- ‘ Encourage not, (tis this he means)
- ‘ Nor *Jew* nor *Gentile* in Extremes ;
- ‘ And as to *Hereticks*, such Fellows
(Tho’ justly they deserve the Gallows)
- ‘ Suffer them not to write, debate,
- ‘ And all about they know not what.
- ‘ If Admonition will not do,
- ‘ Then out such Reprobates must go.
- ‘ Extrude them with as harsh a Tone
- ‘ As angry *Pope* did poor King *John*.

The Meaning of the Text you’ve heard ;
 My Notions next shall be declar’d.
 Now *self-condemn’d* is oft explain’d
 To *Judgment pass* on one arraign’d.
 The Heretick who separates
 By voluntary Act creates

Such

Such Circumstances as command
O'er him the Church's heavy Hand.

Hales, Austin, Taylor, Chillingworth,
Great Names, with Boldness, he calls forth ;
Which signify no more than Cypher,
When quoted to suppress the Mitre.
The Men were sure prodigious weak,
And understood but little *Greek*,
To give such Meaning to the Words,
As hardly Common Sense affords.
But if Great Names can ought compleat,
I shew as many and as great,
St. Cyprian, Hooker, Hammond, Rogers,
To back what I explain each offers,
As all the World would quickly see,
Did they but read as much as me.

Thus,

Thus having giv'n the Words at last
 A *Sense convenient* to my Taste,
 Down the Difficulties fall
 Of Schism of Men Heretical:
 For all the Objector's so cross-grain'd,
 To vouch it can't be well explain'd,
 I'll prove it in its proper Place
 As plain as Nose is in his Face.

How *Pagan* Writers us'd this Word
 Craving your Leave's not worth one T-d.
 To know if this same *Heresy*
 Denoted *Mark of Infamy*:
 Since every *Sect* was in the Wrong,
Error, the Burthen of the Song,
 'Tis plain Truth could to none belong.

B

Again,

Again, should smooth *Tertullus*' Voice
 Of this Word *Heresy* make Choice,
 As he was but an Infidel,
 The wild *Arabians* might as well,
 Or *Indian Chiefs* the Meaning tell.

That Explanation form'd by *Jews*,
 The nearest to our Sense accrues ;
 Nor think it Comical to see
Rabbins and I not disagree ;
 What ! Christian-Priest and Jew unite ?
 Yes, pray why not, when both are right ?
 Thus gently, Friends, I lead you on,
 Till we shall catch the Truth anon :
 Cautious, by gradual Steps aspire,
 To fix the *Sense* to my Desire.

For tho' the Jews and I like Friends
 Concur, when they can serve my Ends,
 Yet we must make a deeper Search,
 Or shall be left but in the Lurch.

Thus *Gallia's* King can condescend
 His *Broken Troops* and *State* to mend,
 To hold a CONGRESS with th' ALLIES,
 'Till all his *Wants* he well supplies;
 Then burst forth his *Ambitious Views*,
 The Sword's unsheath'd, and *Cæsar* rues.

Yet still we are but out of Joint,
 Proceed we closer in the Point,
 To shew the World at what we aim,
 Our just hereditary Claim,
 What by this *Word* the Apostles mean.

Thus we shall hit the Case at last,
 All Difficulties over-pass'd.
 For only 'tis the Christian Sense
 That can the *Real Truth* dispense:
 And by this Notion I'll abide,
 'Till I leave College for a Bride;
 Or what will be as full compleat,
 'Till more *Preferment* I can get.
 But yet this Truth had I averr'd
 When I stood Candidate, had err'd:
 Full many would have *fallen away*,
 And Brother *Barnes* have got the Day.
 Both *Hereticks* and *Herefies*
 There would have shone of all Degrees;
Subverted I should sure have been,
 My Tenets could they but have seen;
Therefore

Therefore I *fought* a cunning *Fight*,
 If not so good as *Paul's*, as *right* :
 My Duty kept to *Alma Mater*,
 And most *politely* gain'd her Daughter.

Next to the World we this proclaim,
 I and the Apostles mean the same.
 What *Paul*, *Apollos*, *Titus*, thought,
 I can repeat it all by Rote :
 Nor let my Readers be surpriz'd
 How I can tell what they devis'd :
 Nor ask, since 'tis so long ago,
 Impertinently how I know ?
 Or say some Things disputed are
 Which I for granted take and clear ;
 Such is abominable Stuff,
I know the best — and that's enough.

Should

Should Noodles such as these me huff,
With Arguments I'd work their Buff.

St. *Paul's* own Words are very plain,
Without *Distortion*, without *Strain*.

(But whilst we talk so much of Straining
In Niceties like these explaining;

If you should profit nothing by't,

At least, perhaps, 'twill make you sh—.)

St. *Peter* likewise says the same,

St. *Jude* and I the last Great Name.

Now if our Notions just agree,

'Tis plain to all as well as me,

That we have nothing said or taught

But what th' Apostles believ'd and wrote;

From hence it follows all should move

In that same Road that I approve.

An

An *Heretick* we'll next describe,
 Of whatsoever *Sect* or *Tribe*;
 He differs from all Infidels
 In that he *believes*, and yet rebels,
 From *Believers* true he disagrees,
 As much as milk-white Chalk from Cheese.
Photinus and the bold *Ebion*
 Are Instances I can rely on.
 By quoting whom all Men discerning
 Must deem me Master of much Learning:
 These Men in *Heresy* wax'd strong,
 In some Things right, in others wrong.
 They *believ'd*, indeed, in the World's Saviour,
 But mighty odd was their Behaviour;
 For tho' in this they did agree,
 Yet own'd not his Divinity.

The

The *Apostolick Power* could
Censure these Folks as they thought good;
 St. *John* such Notions seems to have,
 As will appear from *Dr. Cave*;
 Or why did he fly from that Place
 Where *Ebion* or *Cerintbus* was?

But here some Critick may retort,
 What! make one Word both long and short?
 Yes, 'tis my Pleasure, and all those
 Are *Schismaticks* who *That* oppose.

Further, Friend *Foster* seems to take
 The Liberty for Wrangling's Sake
 To prove. to *Errors* of the Mind
 No Taint of Guilt can be assign'd:
 Or what as plainly will appear,
 The *Understanding's* always clear.

His

His Argument's not worth a Pin;
 That the *Will* only makes the Sin:
 The *Understanding* often proves
 As vitious as the *Will* that moves;
 Certainly *that* may do amiss;
 Sure equal then the *Error* is.
 And wherefore all this mighty Pother,
 Whence it proceeds, from one or t'other.

All his weak Arguments to trace,
 We've neither Leisure, Time, nor Place.
That Power to prove we next proceed,
 Which by th' Apostles was decreed
 For ever with *Us* to remain,
 'Till the MESSIAS comes again.
 To *censure*, deal just Punishment
 On *Those* who from us will *dissent*.

In Point of *Immoralities*,
 The Church this Power who denies?
 Whether o'er *Hereticks* it reigns,
 Is what we're puzzling of our Brains.
 The Church as a *Society*
 Has Right for its Security
 As well as others to provide,
 Or how could She in *Peace* abide?
 For if each hair-brain'd Wretch was free
 To practise his own *Heresy*,
 The Church would soon be undermin'd
 By those who only *Ill* design'd:
 Both *Jews* and *Pagans* kick'd out them
 Who for their *Seet* had no Esteem.

The Scriptures are expressly plain,
 Proving the Doctrines I maintain.

Our

Our Lord and his Apostles teach
The same Assertions that I preach.

But if nor them, nor me you'll believe,
And think we all alike deceive,
Cast but a Look on *Potter's* * Work ;
Were you as harden'd as a *Turk*,
Soon from those Notions you'd recede,
And bless the *Prelate* as you read.

Potter, our Ornament and Pride,
The Church's Father, and her Guide.

What Magazines of Learning are
Wrapt up in him, who sways the † Chair ?
High with Encomiums I'll him lift —

— *He's* *fat Preferments in his Gift.*

* *Potter* on Church-Government.

† He is Divinity Professor at *Oxford*.

When *P--t--n* shall his Power resign
 And furly *Deans* forget to *fine* ;
 When *Silvester* shall be forgot,
 And every Treatise he has wrote ;
 That Name shall still remember'd be
 With Reverence by Posterity.

The next Objection that arises
 Is, our Antagonist devises
 These Words to *Titus* were confin'd,
 For him, and no one else design'd.
 But any one with half an Eye
 May see this stupid Fallacy ;
 For *Paul* his *Timothy* directs
 In Words that bear the same Effects :
 Then surely *Timothy* and *Titus*,
 As both were eminent and righteous,

Enjoy'd

Enjoy'd these *Gifts*; but I forbear—

And his next Argument declare.

Suppose the *Apostolick* Preachers
(Says he) in antient Times, and Teachers,

Possess'd this *Gift*, yet now 'tis fled,

And all Church-Power demolished.

The Bishops now have no *Discerning*,

And many really not much Learning.

Impudent Fellow! what vile Words
Are those to scandalize my LORDS?

It gives me great, nay, vast Concern

To hear him say they can't *discern*.

What! not *discern*! when one could *see*

From *B--g--r* quite to *S--b--y*.

The *next* from the last Place to *Wi--n*.

(What does the crazy Writer think on!)

Another

Another from St. *A—ph kens*

The *S—ff—x* Bogs, and marshy Fens.

C— another sees from *L—d—n*;

Thus, Friend, your Argument's quite undone,

But Brother, tho' we much have varied,

Both to our own Opinions married.

Yet still in this we are agreed

To pull down Popery decreed:

Of which you at *full Meeting* treat,

And I at *Barthol'mew the Great*.

For tho' we travel much at Home,

Yet we can talk a Deal of *Rome*;

Prove all their Popes to be vile Rogues,

Their Churches worse than Synagogues.

Knock all their Tenets down — for why?

They can't, or dare not make *Reply*.

In

In Print you all their Doctrines purge,
 At last, you know, comes out the * *Scourge*.
 A Dissertation I have try'd
 In Print; — and lo! 'tis verifiy'd.

What next appears is meer Evasion,
 You make concerning *firm Perswasion*.
 For he that pleads *Sincerity*
 No more than gives his Heart the Lie;
 His knowing Conscience still averring
 That all the Time he's deeply erring;
 Or we'll suppose he firmly thought
 Those Doctrines *Orthodox* he taught;
 Yet what's a single Man's Pretensions
 Against *Synodical Conventions*?

* A Pamphlet Entitled, *A Scourge for the Dissenters*.

Who

Who fast and pray, and sleep and eat,
 (If not inspir'd) perspire and sweat.
 At this Rate *Hymeneus* might
 Have thought himself much in the Right,
 When he the *Resurrection* mov'd
 By *Reason* could no how be prov'd:
 At that Time Bishops had Dominion
 To *censure* such a vile Opinion.
 And all their worthy Successours
 Are still invested with those *Power's*.
 If *Woolston*, *Collins*, *Tindal*, all,
 The wicked Tribe *Heretical*,
 Had with *Sincerity* seduc'd,
 Yet this would never have excus'd
 Their Tenets, which were spread abroad,
 But to ungod the mighty GOD.

It is affirm'd by a great * Prelate,
 Who for Church-Power was no great Zealot;
 If *that* inflicts a Punishment
 On Party wholly innocent,
 In *Immorality* 'tis fit,
 Tho *pure*, he patiently submit.
 Now surely you won't raise a Fray
 At what your fav'rite Don may say,
 For 'tis well known to you and I
 That he would scorn to tell a Lie;
 Witness that History he penn'd,
 Wherein *one* Falshood can't offend.
 Witness the many Facts that he
 Transmitted to Posterity.

* Bishop *Burnet* on the 33d Article.

D

Now

Now if in *Immorality*
 Such Condescension ought to be,
 Why not the same in *Heresy*?

Thus, Sir, I think I've knock'd you down,
 And all your Arguments o'erthrown.
 This last was the decisive Blow,
 For 'tis unanswerable I know.
 Then patiently give up the Cause,
 Submit to *Censure*, and Church-Laws:
 No more by Tenets false beguil'd,
Conform, and be an hearty Child:
 With sober Reason coolly think,
 Th' Effusion save of Christian Ink.
 What tho' your *Meetings* crowded are,
 Our Churches shine as full, as fair:

What

What tho' you make Old Women weep,
 And preach young Libertines asleep;
 What tho' your Income is inviting,
 Besides the Pence you get by Writing,
 Still you may write, still cant, still please,
 But never will obtain *Lawn Sleeves*.

There, Friend, the sweet Temptation lies,
 And who would *offer'd Good* despise?
 Consider, turn, watch, preach, whine, ply,
 You stand as stood a Chance as I.

Now *St--b--g*, who has gain'd the Laurel
 In this same Celebrated Quarrel,
 Who the most cogent Proofs has brought
 With Learning, Wit, and Judgment fraught;
 Whose Syllogisms closest move,
 Whose Consequences fairest prove;

Let the impartial World decree
 Whether to A. M. or D. D?
 But if perversely *it* denies,
 And *F—r* wears the frothy Prize,
 Their wayward Judgment we'll indict
 And our own Panegyrick write.
 If in this large and wicked Town
 I should not meet with due Renown,
 Yet Praise I shall reap from my * *Mother*,
 And be commended by each *Brother*.
 “ ’Twas he shall future Annals tell
 “ That handled *Foster's* Case so well.
 To *Oxford* when I next proceed
 (I See already 'tis decreed)

* The University of *Oxford*.

Round

Round me shall *Under-graduates* stand,
 With open Mouths, and Cap in Hand :
 The *Senior Sophs* beside me come,
 Welcome their Glorious Champion home;
 The *Batchelors* about me crowd,
 To triumphe, sing aloud :
 The *Masters* with just Deference
 Admire at my superiour Sense ;
 The learned * *Sculls* all to a Man,
 At † *Golgotha* meet with *Vice-Can* :
 In a full *Convocation*, I
 Am *thank'd* by th' *Univerfity*.
 O charming Rapture ! sweet Delight !
 Upon fuch *Terms*, who would not write ?

* The Heads of Colleges fo called.

† The Room where they meet.

Soon may that happy Day appear,
 When I shall grace the Master's * Chair.
 In *Canon's* Stall, or loll at Ease,
 Or be a *Bishop* — if they please.
 However shine in sleek Condition,
 My *Faith* absorb'd in full *Fruition*.
 Then would I cease to raise *Church-Pow'r*,
 And think of *Hereticks* no more.
 Thus far the Doctor — Leave give me
 To end by Way of Simile:
 As you, Sir, think to ride the Town
 By having Chink a Shilling down,
 For *thirty-nine*, or *forty* Pages;
 The Joke won't take with *knowing* Ages.

* The Head of *Pembroke* College is called Master.

Since *C*—*r*, *F*—*r*, *W*—*t*, have printed,

We arn't at all for Subject stinted.

Such is the Scheme that you propose,

To lead all People by the Nose.

You'll put me under *Condemnation*

For *Schism* and daring *Separation*,

Because we have a small digress

From all monopolizing Priest ;

Taken the wicked *Liberty*

In *Six-pence Price* to disagree.

Nought will avail, nor Price, nor Matter,

Nor all the Arguments you scatter,

With Agents *free* who know much better.

Thus your fam'd *Dissertation* lies,

To feed the *Moths*, or cover *Pies*.

Now to conclude — for sure high Time 'tis,

As I've read your's, to write my

F I N I S.



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